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THE USE FOR A MAN

BY OWEN OLIVER
ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS. ARCIERI

FRANKLAND had knocked about the reckless parts of the English-speaking world till the age of thirty-five. Then he took refuge in Morocco over a matter of man-killing. True, the man deserved to be killed, but the English law against murder is not appeased by such considerations. It would never have caught him in Morocco, however, but for a matter of the super-sheik's sister or wife. Frankland did not know which. The super-sheik sought for him diligently enough, and would have caught him in Morocco, so Frankland came down to Hajaba, the queer little port, Tunis way, and gave himself up at the English residency, to be sent home for trial for his prior offense. Orderly hanging was he reasoned, the lesser of the evils which threatened him.

The resident was greatly embarrassed by the presence of the huge, Moorish-clad fugitive within his gates and of the super-sheik and his wild followers, who were waiting outside without. "It is tough and go whether they'll respect the residency," he told the prisoner. "I don't care for myself, but—dare it all—I've my sister here."

"If they threaten to attack your place," Frankland said, "I'll give myself up, of course; but I think they'll respect the flag."

They did respect it, and merely urged legal and diplomatic reasons for the surrender of the prisoner to them. The consul resisted these arguments firmly. A man who had killed a British subject, he stated, and he held him for trial for a British offense—a capital offense—and he had already Marconi-rapped for the liner Armadillo to call in and take him home.

"But in England," the super-sheik protested, almost tearfully, "they only hang."

"That is about the size of his deserts," the resident retorted. He said as much to his sister, who had come out to Hajaba to keep house for him, and to one Davis, who had come out after the sister.

Davis agreed, but his sister demurred. "He was ready to give himself up rather than endanger us," she protested. There ought to be a better use than hanging for a man like that."

"Perhaps," Davis sneered. "Those big, fair ruffians have an extraordinary attraction for women." Davis was only five feet seven.

"Naturally," she said calmly. "He is big and fair, a very handsome man, and brave. From what I hear from Lucy Green, he only did what a man would do, a real man. He is that, I think."

"Anyhow," Davis snarled, "he will hang."

That was when the Resident's sister made up her mind that Frankland should not hang, if he could prevent it.

SHE spoke to her brother first about the subject.

"After all," she observed, "he's a fellow Englishman; and Lucy Green wrote that it was a fair duel, and with a man who said things about his mother; and they do fight in the colonies—the wild parts of them."

"It wasn't in a sufficiently wild part," the Resident commented. "That was his mistake. I'm dashed if I blame the beggar much; but I don't make the law, Beatrice."

"I suppose you wouldn't be sorry if he escaped," she inquired.

"Nowhere to escape to," the Resident observed. "He isn't such a fool as to leave sanctuary. Don't you be a fool."

She spoke next to her most trusted Moorish handmaiden. The handmaiden considered it a awful pity that such a fine man should hang; but that, she thought, was better than falling into the hands of the super-sheik. There was certainly no escape from Hajaba, she assured her mistress. The sheik and his friends were watching everywhere. There was a cordon around the Residency, no less real because unobtrusive.

Then it was that the consul's sister resolved upon a desperate expedient—an appeal to Davis, whom she always expected to manage.

"I am sorry I hit you on the raw upon the matter of height, Ivor," she said with a friendly laugh; "but you're too big to bear malice. I look upon your chivalrous stature as seven feet! Really, that chap is a fellow Englishman, you know! Don't you think—?"

Davis looked at her; and thought: A wild-minded woman; possibly capable of throwing him over for his wicked fair giant, but the giant couldn't get away. So he might as well preserve Beatrice's idea of his chivalry by assisting him to try!

"If it's a matter of disguise, or anything of that sort," he said slowly.

"I'll speak to him, if you like," "No," she said. "I will."

"You must not have anything to do with him," Davis objected. "They'll be watching. Most of those dirty beggars hanging about outside the gardens will be spies of the sheik. If they see you talking to him, they'll watch you."

"It will be a good thing to draw suspicion to me, if you are going to be the one to do it," she countered. "Obviously you mustn't talk to him. So I must, because there's no one else."

THE talk occurred that afternoon. They had put the fugitive in an outhouse in the residency gardens, unguarded, because it meant capture by the sheik to step outside. The resident's sister walked in the garden while her brother and Davis were having their siesta, passed down the walk between the giant cactuses and enormous plantains, into the little grove which stood before the outhouse; but, spoken to past it, with her haughty little head in the air, ready to be spoken to and to snub. He did not speak, just rose and bowed and sat down again and went on with his cigarette, leaning against the door post of the hunt and gazing through half-closed eyes at the blue bay and the blue waters beyond, which merged into the blue sky. It was a day, he was thinking, most repugnant to hanging—and the resident's sister looked like a goddess against the sky. A woman with a burning volcano under that cool white drill!

At her feet, presently, looked at him; half passed, stopped. "How do you come to this?" she asked abruptly.

"You probably know as well as I," he suggested. "No doubt your brother has told you the sheik's account. I expect you may take that as pretty correct."

"I think he kept some back," she remarked shrewdly. "That wasn't what I referred to, however. What, precisely, are you going to be sent to England for?"

Frankland set his teeth and looked up at her then, and he had a little thrill of fear of him. In her ideal of sixth-foot manhood there had always been a thrill like that; Davis was a good man and well to do, but he did not make her feel like that. "I have not," Frankland said quietly, "many days to look at the blue sea and the blue sky or to look at the sun. Soon it will be a prison cell, and afterward another, or anyway—Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day; You learned that at school, I suppose. One doesn't appreciate it, until it is interrupted by circumstances. Why should your curiosity disturb one of my measured moments by raking up bad memories?"

"Because, perhaps," she told him, "it isn't only curiosity." He looked very hard at her then.

"If," he said, "you have a kindly thought that I might escape—? Disguise and all that—? Kind lady, it is no use. The place is closely watched. I probably shouldn't go fifty yards before being seized. Even if I did, a stranger in any of the villages round here would be noted and detected at once. There is no escape, but I thank you for the thought."

"You assume that I had the thought," she remarked. She fanned her face with her handkerchief. He picked a fanlike plantain leaf and gave it to her.

"You had," he said. "Haden't you?" "I could have found you disguised," she murmured, "if that had been any use."

"Again I thank you," he acknowledged. "They would not be of use, and ten to one those who furnished them to you would at once warn my friend, the sheik. Do you know, I am very grateful—very grateful."

"And you won't tell me about it?" she asked.

"Oh!" he said. "That! I met a man out from England who said things of my mother, in years past."

"It was a fair fight; and I killed him. That is all."

"They won't hang you for that," she declared.

"Penal servitude is worse," he commented. "If I have the chance on the voyage, I shall go overboard."

"You will try to swim to shore?" she asked eagerly.

"Shore? Oh, we shan't be near that; except when we go through the straits of Gibraltar. If I could get out there—I don't suppose I can get out at all; and if it were at night—it probably won't be—and I were not noticed."

"Wait!" she cried. "Wait! The wireless said that the Armadillo would be here at 4. Yes. It should go through the straits at night. It is just over thirty hours' journey; and she will leave here at about 4 in the evening. Can you swim for several miles?"

"Probably. If we were near the Moorish coast—Ape's Hill and all that—I might do it. They wouldn't know of me up there. Make a slave of me, probably. I'd stay away some day, with luck. But they'll hug the Spanish side. I'd have to land at Gibraltar, if at all. There they'll know of me, or make inquiries."

"WHAT you want," the resident's sister reflected, "is a boat to pick you up and land you in Spain."

"Or an airplane," he laughed, "or a large-size dove to catch me up in its talons and bear me to an ark or a Mount Ararat. Nothing else is of any use, kind lady. Don't worry about me. I get my deserts."

"I don't know," she murmured. "I don't think you quite deserve the trial in England. You do deserve to be caught by the sheik, of course. Why did you do it?"

"Well," he said reflectively, "I suppose a man must do something!"

"He ought," the resident's sister told him severely, "to be of some use in the world."

"Use? Use means use to somebody," Frankland said thoughtfully. "When there isn't a 'somebody'—"

"That," she cried, "is no reason why there should be 'anybody'! If I did find a way of helping you to escape, should expect you to become very different."

"There is no escape," he declared; "and very probably that's the best for the world. I seem to be a man who isn't very much use to anybody."

"But you might be if you tried," she mused. "I wish I could think of a way—I must go in now. They will look for me when they wake up."

"They?" Frankland questioned; but she did not answer. She went indoors and sat reflecting, with her chin on her hand, till Davis came from his siesta and found her.

"He says it's not the slightest use trying to escape in a disguise," she stated. "They'll find out. I suppose they would. Ivor, I can't stick the idea of the man's being hanged; a great hearty fellow like that. Be a big chap and help me to find a way of escape for the poor devil."

"What is he to you?" Davis wanted to know, almost fiercely.

"Just an Englishman," she declared. "He is rather—rather a type that I idealized, I think."

"A warning to give up idealizing and settle down to—practical life," he told her. "Look here, Beatrice. You've known for four years that I idealized, I think."

"Yes, yes. I'll think of it, Ivor—I have an idea how it could be done. Listen—"

"Well," said Davis slowly, when she had finished, "I tell you candidly that I'd just as soon tell the fellow was hanged or drowned. I wouldn't run any risk for him; but since you want my services for your whim I can't refuse them. I'll try to arrange it; and if I do—If I do this thing for you—Well, I won't bargain. I'll do it for you."

"You are bigger than I thought. I suppose I shall end by—doing what you want."

The next morning the Resident's sister strolled down by the hut.

HE rose and towered above her wish to help me will be one of the pleasantest things I'll have all my life. At the end, if—"

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"They?" Frankland questioned; but she did not answer. She went indoors and sat reflecting, with her chin on her hand, till Davis came from his siesta and found her.

"Good morning. I must not be seen talking to you for long. Mr. Davis has made a plan for you. The second night out you will pass the Straits of Gibraltar. You must try to get overboard then. Just when you are opposite the light on Europa Point—You know it?"

"I know it."

"Try to slip overboard just then. I will bring you some tools that might help you break out. There will be a boat sailing about to pick you up. Mr. Davis is sending the men—three of them—in the local steamer to Gibraltar this afternoon."

"Men from here," said Frankland slowly. "Do you think they can be relied upon?"

"We can't get any other. He says they are reliable. Are you going to do it?"

"Yes," he agreed. "Of course, Davis is the man you were singing with yesterday evening, isn't he? Why is he helping me?"

"Oh! Because you are a fellow Englishman. I suppose, I may have influenced him a little—I must go now. I can tell him you'll do it."

"Of course. Thank—"

"That's all right. I must go." She ran back to the house. Frankland stared after her; stared at the doorway long after she had gone in.

"I wonder," he muttered, "where he got those men from? Anyhow, the project is something to bring her here to talk to me. I wonder if she'll come this afternoon."

THE Resident's sister did come that afternoon and the conversation was mostly hers, and mostly about the need of reformation, if he had another chance in life. He must let her know that he was making good. "Because," she declared, "you have promised to try; and you will owe it to me—if you escape."

"There doesn't seem to be any need for me," he said. "To be of use, one must be of use to somebody. There's nobody. I wish I could do something just for knight-service to you!"

"Well," she said, "if I enable you to escape, what you do afterward will stand to my account; the good and the bad! So you've got to be more good than bad—to give me a balance." She laughed a little; touched his arm as if in appeal.

"Are you engaged to Davis?" he asked.

"No. He wants me to be. He is very worthy—"

He saw her three times afterward, before he left on the Armadillo. That evening she passed like a flash, just muttering. The men have gone to "Shh!" On the following morning she brought him an iron case-opener and

a few small tools. She informed him that the boat would lie near the track of the steamer and show a blue light. In the afternoon she came for about half an hour; to wish him Godspeed, she said. "And you have to be good, you know, because it will count to me."

About five o'clock the guard came to take him aboard. The consul had obtained a considerable armed party from the local authorities, as the feeling of the populace ran high; not so much against the prisoner himself as against his being taken away from the judgment of their law. There was hissing and cursing and spitting as the party passed through the narrow streets; but the super-sheik and the other sheiks sat at the customs by the quay with folded arms. When the crowd had passed them they looked at each other.

"Allah is great," the super-sheik murmured. "Among the guards of the infidel on the ship is Muley, the son of Hassan of mine. He will see to it that the prisoner is free to cast himself into the sea of the straits, after he has seen the blue light of the vessel of the Englishman Davis."

"The Englishman, Davis, is he to betray his own blood will betray the stranger?"

"The man," said the super-sheik, "has cast his eye upon Davis's woman. She would have Davis contrive his escape. And so he came to me!"

AS the Armadillo neared the Straits of Gibraltar Muley came softly into the cabin. "I am the man of the watch," he said. "I will be at the wharf with you. I will wait for the boat and the light and warn you, all in good time. It is but to drop lightly and swim; and the rest is to Allah."

"Did the worshipful Sir Davis come aboard your ship and arrange this with you?" Frankland asked.

"Truly so," the man declared.

"I mean did he come himself?"

"Very truly himself," Muley asserted; "I tell you it is but to drop softly and swim. He is waiting for you. He will be singing at the time, lest he should notice a sound. Float for a while until you are safe. The boat will search very diligently for you. 'I am sure,' Frankland said. 'Go now, lest any should suspect; and come again when it is time.'"

When he had loosened the bars he put the iron case-opener inside his vest—a strange thing to swim with, but he knew that Davis had not been aboard the Armadillo.

"So," he muttered now, "that's it! The sheik has outwitted Davis, or Davis has outwitted her. The boat is a boat is to take me to the sheik. Well, I'm going over, anyhow. I'd risk my life for the bare chance of being able to save her from him!"

Presently Muley entered softly again. "The boat is just ahead," he whispered. "We are catching up to it fast. Count two minutes by your watch, then go. I will be singing—Allah is great!"

Frankland waited the two minutes, then pushed the bars aside, stood in the bunk, with his head and shoulders out of the port-hole. A man above—that would be Muley—began chanting some weird thing. It was what they sang at Moorish funerals, he thought.

There was a boat, a big lateen-sailed craft of thirty feet or more—three men; Moors apparently. They had a black lantern in the boat. Frankland looked at his watch. Five seconds overtime! He replaced it, squeezed through the port-hole and dropped. He heard Muley's voice rise in a great wail then. It was the song for the dead. When he rose he lay sally and floated. The boat was keeping its course. But he must not call or signal yet. Presently the boat was level with him—perhaps a hundred yards away. It still did not turn.

Was this a refinement of cruelty—to pass him and not to pick him up? Frankland was several miles distant, he thought. He doubted if he could swim it. Perhaps he might wave now. The steamer must be half a mile away. Ah! The boat was turning toward him! He struck out for it; at first strongly; then decided that he had better pretend to be exhausted. For, if his suspicions were right, it was not a rescue, but a capture. He sank limply on the seat when they pulled him in.

"To Spain," he stuttered then.

"To Spain!" The gigantic helmsman laughed. The two great negroes who sat amidship laughed.

"We take you to Sir Davis," the helmsman said, "and to his friend the illustrious sheik—"

The case-opener descended upon his head just then! He dropped like a log across the gunwale. The two negroes drew pistols.

"Drop them!" Frankland roared. "Or—"

He sprang toward them with the case-opener. They dropped the pistols and he took those and their daggers and sent them forward and went to the tiller. In a few minutes he was sailing for the coast of Spain.

IT was perhaps 2 o'clock when he found a sandy stretch under some cliffs. He went close in, and made the negroes swim and wade the few yards to the shore, dragging with them the Moorish helmsman, who was just conscious now, but unable to swim. Then he said along the coast in a favorable breeze until half-past 5, when he thought he must be twenty miles from them, and landed at a little fishing village.

He professed to be a yachtsman from Gibraltar, who had damaged his boat and gave it over for repairs while he went to see the famous cathedral and a bull fight at Malaga. He never returned for the boat, but made his way to Barcelona in a coasting vessel. At Barcelona he found a trader going to Marseilles. In that cosmopolitan city he became a speculator and bearded professor, and, as such, he took his passage in a little schooner to Hajaba.

But on his arrival there was rioting going on, the ship's agent at the port advised the passengers, and they

would be well advised not to land—especially the English. It was an anti-English disturbance, so far as it was more than an individual matter. There had been trouble for some weeks over the question of a notorious desperado named Frankland. It appeared that he had been held by the British resident from the Moorish law on the pretense of being sent to England for trial upon a capital charge, and that on the voyage home he had been put overboard to a boat chartered by the resident's friend, Mr. Davis, and escaped. The people wanted Davis' blood, and the sheiks, while professing to try to quiet them, were fomenting the agitation secretly.

"The mob want Davis' head," and the resident won't give him up," said the agent. "He's engaged to his sister. It's one of their feasts today, and they're worked up to a frenzy."

"Can't we get to them and help them fight out?" the sturdy old captain asked. "I could muster a dozen stout chaps, seeing that there's an Englishwoman in it."

"Say, thirteen," the big, spectacled professor suggested mildly.

"Madness," the agent said. "There are thousands of the Moors, all more or less armed. I've Marconi-graphed to Gib, and they're sending a gunboat or so; but they won't be in time."

"I'm going ashore," the professor announced, "and to the residency." "It means your life," the agent warned.

"Well," the professor observed, "it's mine!" The captain accepted this view and allowed him to go.

"He'll never reach the residency," the agent predicted as he went off; "much less get inside."

IN half an hour, however, he had done both; partly because he had assumed Spanish costume, partly because no one dreamed that any one would wish to enter the doomed place. He just mingled with the crowd outside the front gardens. Then leaped the low wall and walked in. The mob howled and yelled, but did not follow or shoot. The resident opened the door and waved him back.

"Come a stranger," he said. "You haven't told me. Get away if you can. Make as if you came here by mistake. They'll attack the place before the morning is out. We're all doomed."

"That," said the professor, "is why I have come." He stepped inside, bowed to the resident and to his sister and to Davis; took off his spectacles and beard. "I'm Frankland. You can throw me to the wolves and pacify them."

"Frankland!" the resident sister cried. "Frankland!"

"My God!" cried the resident. "You're a man! I can't give you over to them, Frankland. I—"

"There's no particular use for me," he said.

HE ROSE AND TOWERED ABOVE HER. "THE MEMORY OF YOUR WISH TO HELP ME WILL BE ONE OF THE PLEASANTEST THINGS I'LL HAVE ALL MY LIFE. AT THE END, IF—"

"SHH!" SHE STOPPED HIM. "YOU MUST TRY TO ESCAPE." "THERE IS NO ESCAPE," HE DECLARED.

Butler in Philadelphia.



GEN. SMEDLEY BUTLER AT HIS DESK IN PHILADELPHIA. HE WEARS THE UNIFORM OF THE DIRECTOR OF SAFETY.

(Continued from Third Page.)

He dug up an old law, dating from Spanish times and still unchanged, although lapsed, whereby inhabitants could be compelled to work a certain time on the roads. He obtained the co-operation of local authorities throughout the island, had a certain proportion of each village put to work, and not long afterward had a number of first-class roads leading in various strategic directions, one running clear across to the Haitian border. On these motor lorries could run with ease; the marines could take their bases of supplies with them, and in a comparatively short time the activities of the ladrones were suppressed and island trade, therefore almost at a standstill, was briskly resumed.

The participation of the United States in the world war followed soon after this. It looked for a time as if Maj. Butler would be "stuck" in Haiti, but not at all. An "opportunity" brought him back to this country and a fortunate recovery enabled him to take command of the 13th Marines. This fine body of some 3,000 men, which reflected perfectly the discipline and spirit of his chief, was all ready to start overseas. Reinforcements were needed quickly on the other side, however, after Chateau Thierry, and the organization was split up and half of it taken away. Nothing daunted, he began the reorganizing process again, and with recruits built his regiment up to its previous high efficiency. The new regiment, when it did get over, was explained, made a record at Camp L'ontaneux, Brest.

GEN. Butler's latest activity at Quantico, well known to Washingtonians, was the construction of the great stadium there for athletic events. Various utilities companies loaned him all the necessary machinery and donated the concrete, while the actual work was done outside of hours of duty by the villas thousands of leathernecks under his command.

"I noted a little occurrence the last time I was down there which was absolutely characteristic of Gen. Butler," says the former Marine officer previously quoted. "He came on a gang of men running one of the boys in lifting the weights had broken and the crew was standing around helpless and willing to call it a day. Butler immediately disappeared into the woods somewhere and returned with another perfect hook. Had it hitched on, and went went merrily forward. It seems he had 'nailed' not only one, but two such hooks in advantageous spots, known only to himself, against just such an emergency."

Such is Brig. Gen. Smedley D. Butler, United States Marine Corps, granted leave of absence for one year by the President to hold office during that period as director of public safety, city of Philadelphia, state of Pennsylvania. Those who know him and are familiar with his record entertain no doubt that he will make good. In base ball a manager would place him in the batting order, and with security built his regiment up to its previous high efficiency. The new regiment, when it did get over, was explained, made a record at Camp L'ontaneux, Brest.

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